

THE FIELD AFAR

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF CATHOLIC MISSIONS

"DILIGENTIBUS DEUM, OMNIA COOPERANTUR
IN BONUM."—Rom. viii. 28.



"TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD, ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD."

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CHRISTMAS CAROLS IN CHINA.

(From a Photograph sent by Father Fleureau, Canton.)

THE FIELD AFAR is a diocesan mission organ, published bi-monthly. It aims to arouse and strengthen interest in the world-wide apostolate.

The Subscription Price is fifty cents a year in advance. New subscriptions may begin at any time during the year.

Payment for **The Field Afar**, when sent by mail, may be by Post-office Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or Registered Letter. Payment to strangers, unless to a duly authorized canvasser, is at the subscriber's risk.

Stamps or Silver will be received, but, if sent through the mail, are at the sender's risk.

Always give the name of the Postoffice to which you wish to have your paper sent.

Letters should be addressed and orders made payable to Rev. J. A. Walsh, 75 Union Park St., Boston, Mass.

THE FIELD AFAR is published by the Catholic Foreign Mission Bureau of Boston.



The blessings of the Christ-child on our readers at home and in the field afar! May the year that will dawn before our next issue appears, bring similar blessings to thousands upon thousands whom the Gospel message has not yet reached.

* *

The unbaptized child can never enter heaven. At first sight this may seem hard; yet it is a dogma of our faith. God might have made a bird, a tree or even a pebble on the beach in place of this child; but he gave to it, instead, an immortal soul capable of enjoying a natural happiness forever, but destined to a supernatural union with Him through the merits of Jesus Christ,—yet under certain conditions, which depend largely upon men for fulfilment. We must learn that salvation comes to men through men; that a responsibility rests upon us all, whether we be in the ranks of the clergy or of the laity.

* *

TO a non-Catholic who has become interested in the letters of Théophane Vénard, we owe the translation of several French newspaper articles on the subject of his beatification. This friend now writes,—“I referred one question which arose to a scholarly Catholic of my acquaintance and found he had never heard of Fr. Vénard. So you see I am doing missionary work.”

We were not surprised at this discovery. We have long since learned that the average American

Catholic, however well-read he may be on other subjects, knows next to nothing of the missionary activities of his Church, and has not the slightest appreciation of the supreme sacrifices offered in our day by men of whom Théophane Vénard was simply a type.

* *

HAD such lives as those of Blessed Vénard, Just de Bretenières and Fr. Judge been multiplied (and the material has never been wanting) and brought to the notice of our boys and girls by careful Catholic parents a generation ago in this country, we believe that today the much needed English-speaking apostolate would have been well started and our own religious life would have been deeper in consequence.

* *

WE certainly have much in the Catholic Church of America to awaken our sense of gratitude.

God has blessed us visibly, and admirable coöperation has been given to the abundant graces which have flowed in upon us. But our work for souls from whom the light of faith is hidden has only begun. They are lying about us helpless, storm-tossed, grasping at every appearance of truth, yet blinded to the fact that the bark of Peter is within their reach.

They are waiting by countless thousands, yea and millions, in the depths of Africa, in the heart of Asia, in the Islands of the Pacific, for the breaking of the Light of Christ. To realize the need, at home and afar, is a necessary step towards its fulfillment. Knowledge will inevitably bring service.

* *

WE call the attention of our readers to the fact that in the *Pilot*, the official organ of the Archdiocese of Boston, we publish every week one or more columns of matter on our work for missions and on the world-wide mission activities of the Church.

This contribution serves as a weekly supplement to **THE FIELD AFAR**, or perhaps we might better say that **THE FIELD AFAR**, as a bi-monthly, serves as an illustrated supplement to our weekly installment in the *Pilot*.

We urge those who have become interested in the cause which we are privileged to represent, to keep in closer and more frequent touch with it through the columns of the *Pilot*.

Recently the yearly subscription of the latter has been reduced to One Dollar, an unusually low price,

and we will gladly forward the subscription of any among our readers, who have not the opportunity of subscribing to the *Pilot* through parochial channels.

* *

FOR some time past we have been receiving a steadily increasing number of requests from the missions for a weekly issue of some English speaking Catholic paper, that will contain, besides items of local and national interest, a missionary department.

The idea of such a request is based first of all on the desire to learn English more perfectly, since our language is becoming daily more useful and in some missions is an absolutely necessary requirement for a successful ministry. Our missionaries are also anxious to appreciate more fully the English speaking character so that they may communicate their experiences and reveal their needs, with more certain hope of practical results. And finally, because they are human, these good men (and women) are encouraged through the medium of such a weekly. In it they find the assurance that the cause for which they have sacrificed all, is being presented to Catholic people, who will surely be induced to offer for the toilers on the field afar the much desired breath of prayer and the mite of alms.

A foreign subscription to the *Pilot* is listed at two dollars, but by special arrangement with the publishers we have secured a special reduction in favor of missionaries to whom the *Pilot* will be sent for \$1.50 or the *Pilot* and **THE FIELD AFAR** together for \$2.00.

* *

THE CALL OF THE MASTER.

Hear ye the call of the Master?
Speaks He the Words for each:
“Go to the distant nations;
Go, and My Gospel preach!
Go, for the field is waiting;
Go, and My Love proclaim;
Work for your Lord and Saviour;
Go, in the Father's Name!”

* * * *

Help, with *your* means and counsel;
Much there is yet to do;
Many the fields of labor,
Where *you* are useful, too!
Give, from what God has giv'n you;
Lend to your loving Lord;
He will, indeed, repay you;
Great your eternal reward!

AMADEUS, O. S. F.

* *

Ten new subscriptions will bring to you “*A Modern Martyr*,”—now in its fifth thousand. This book contains the charming letters of Théophane Vénard, who was martyred in Tonkin, February 2, 1861.

Fifteen assorted post cards will be sent to any address for twenty-five cents in stamps.

A BISHOP'S NEEDS.

SOME time ago, we received through a convent of the Sacred Heart, a complete set of episcopal vestments and other insignia, which we afterwards learned had been purchased for a well-known prelate who had died only a few years after his consecration.

We hardly knew where to turn to find a possible beneficiary, although we were certain that there must be on the mission-field many a bishop who had worn his purple threadbare. In our next batch of remittances, therefore, we requested to know if "in the event of our having the disposition of these articles would they be acceptable, etc."

The two months allowed for a return had hardly elapsed when the answers began to come.

One was from Japan:

"Yes, I will accept, with gratitude, the episcopal vestments, including mitre and oil stocks, if some good soul places such at the disposition of the office which sends out light from Union Park St., and in return, I promise you for your museum our oil stocks which passed through the fire of 1907, and which still 'keep the scars.'"

A second came from a region not far from Japan, the good Bishop writing:

"I will certainly, with gratitude, accept the Episcopal ornaments, black and white, and especially the box of holy oils, if these are convenient for travelling, for I need such. As to a mitre, I have one which will have to carry me to the tomb, and into it."

A venerable Bishop in the heart of India, whom the Editor had the privilege of meeting in Paris some years ago, writes:

"You have been good enough to ask me if I were in need of black or white episcopal vestments, including mitre and oil stocks. Anything you can send will be welcomed, and may God reward the archdiocese of Boston."

Other letters came from China and an adjacent country and now we are at our wits' end to know how to apportion the gift unless some of our Bishops can be induced to look over their ward-robcs and sacristies.

* *

Drop us a post-card and we will send you a mite-box to receive your occasional mission offering from now until the Christmas-tide.

Promote a work for souls. It will bring a safer and more enduring return than the most successful promoter of business enterprises can ever receive from his arduous labors. Dollars perish but souls endure forever.

MUSICAL PREPARATIONS FOR MR. ROOSEVELT.

WHEN I first heard the Baganda Christians sing in Church I said to myself, 'what an awful noise these people make.' After several months I came to the conclusion that they are decidedly musical. Stationed in a mission, which also includes a High School for chiefs' sons, I have been really astonished at the ease with which some of our boys pick up a tune and also sing very creditably two or three English part songs. In less than six months they have learned to read music and play more than a



A UGANDA DRUMMER.

(This drum is now at the Propagation of the Faith Exhibit-room in Boston.)

dozen old English airs with fife and drum. They are at present practising "The Star-Spangled Banner" for the visit of ex-President Roosevelt who is expected on December 1st.

Of course for the natives the principal attractions are our European drums, as the "drum" is the chief and popular "musical" instrument of the Baganda. They wonder at the wisdom of the white man who makes such a beautiful instrument which sounds for miles around. The native makes his drum by hollowing

out the trunk of a tree and covering it with skin, so naturally his instrument appears very crude. No instrument is so sacred in the eyes of the native as his drum. They are so fond of it that, except for a few hours at night, its ceaseless beating nearly drives one crazy. No chief or European traveller makes a journey without one or two drums. They encourage and cheer the porters on their journeys in a way that is quite remarkable. Often boys may be heard blowing a kind of wooden whistle the "tune" of which consists of five or six notes played unceasingly and without variation. Given an old paraffine oil can or, failing that, an empty biscuit can, a crowd of young Baganda will soon start an impromptu band and hammer away for hours unless they are too near a European in which case they find that the most simple music is not the most affecting.

Although the drum is used now on every occasion, years ago it had a very important use, as the call to arms was beaten first by the King's drummer and then taken up by the chiefs so that the whole country within a few days was ready for war.

Another instrument somewhat resembles a harp, and for melody is on a par with the whistle. There is this much to be said for it, that if two or three are played together the effect is not too unpleasant. In fact, even to an untrained ear, there seems to be a faint resemblance to a tune. There is yet another instrument, a one-stringed banjo, but with this difference that it is played with a kind of violin bow. Of all instruments this takes the cake. Its distressing tones are particularly soothing during a dose of malarial fever when one has a fearful head-ache. I think if Shakespeare heard this "music" he would never forgive himself for writing "The man that hath no music in himself, nor is moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils." The last strophe exactly suits the sentiments of malarial patients on hearing the "Baganda Banjo."

REV. JOHN TONER, B. E. Africa.

* *

THE Bible of the Sick," which is for sale at the Propagation of the Faith Office, may be had for 50 cents, postpaid. This little book has been translated from the French by Frederic Ozanam. It is bound in cloth and has 127 pages. It is filled with cheering and consoling thoughts for those who suffer.

CO-OPERATION.

DURING a visit to Georgetown and Groveland on Sunday, Oct. 24th, one hundred subscriptions were secured for THE FIELD AFAR.

These will go in bulk at our special rate (25 cents a year) to the Rectory and will be distributed in one hundred families by some boy who will sell the paper for five cents a copy, making for himself a profit of nearly one cent on each paper.

* *

FROM Newport, R. I., one of our much interested readers has evidently succeeded in impressing the mind of a 'little man' and now writes:

"My nephew Oliver—aged nine—who has been staying with us, is deeply interested in THE FIELD AFAR and is firmly resolved to be a missionary! He carried off a mite-box yesterday.

* *

A WELL known business woman in Boston does not lose opportunities, in the midst of many preoccupations, to help various charities, including that of the missions. Lately she induced two young women to join our ranks, and as evidence of her own interest she writes:

"I have a little scheme of my own on for a 'Perpetual Membership.' It looked like an impossible dream until I hit upon this little experiment and if it works out well enough, I may ask you to loan me a Mite-Box for this special fund—would that be quite fair? If I live long enough I want to take out a 'perpetual' for all my friends and enemies, but the Lord alone knows how it will be done; perhaps the 'experiment' is His way of showing me the 'how' At any rate it's a *mitey* little way, but it will get a fair trial."

* *

WHAT a propagandist spirit some of our good Catholics have! Here is a delightful letter from,—well, we won't say where—but our readers will agree with us that it is worthy of space in our paper. The writer has a French name, but writes English fluently, as the following lines prove:

"Will you kindly send me a few sample copies of THE FIELD AFAR? I have some possible 'customers' in view.

The Sisters have a school here with over a thousand pupils. I know the Principal very well and am going to speak to her about the journal; how the editor visited Bienheureux Vénard's people; Mother Paul's letters, etc. Please send along also a couple of mite-boxes.

I have another subscription to the FIELD AFAR for you.

If you could send a few copies to the hospital, good results might come from it. The Sisters could let the convalescent patients read the interesting 'FIELD' and many of them are wealthy. Who knows? Sick people coming back to health are generally well disposed towards mankind and some sufferer might perhaps offer a sum for the Missions to regain perfect health!"

A MISSIONARY from Japan writes:

"A few days ago, I received notice from Right Rev. Mgr. Chatron, that Boston kindly sent me ten dollars for my work in Japan, for which I most sincerely thank you.

I beg Almighty God to help you in your generous and untiring efforts to interest the Catholic public of America in missionary labors abroad.

I send you my best wishes for the prosperity and ever increasing diffusion of THE FIELD AFAR.

* *

A "PROPAGANDIST."

PRIESTS who have been educated in Rome in recent years may recognize the photograph on this page. It was sent to us by a class-mate of the subject, Fr. G. Guen.



FR. G. GUEN OF SOUTH HONAN, CHINA.
(A former student at the Propaganda, Rome.)

This class-mate is now teaching at St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N. S. and will be pleased to get news of his former companion at the 'Propaganda' in Rome.

On the reverse side is a long Chinese inscription which is evidently translated by Fr. Guen into Italian and which reads:

DEAR JOHN:

Let us remember each other in our prayers and we may hope to meet each other in Paradise.

G. GUEN.

Castel Gandolfo, Oct. 14, 1906."

Fr. Guen was ordained for So. Honan, China, and we are sending a copy of this issue of THE FIELD AFAR to trace him for his fellow-student.

AN IDEAL HOLIDAY GIFT

WILL BE ONE OF OUR

Missionary Books

SEND FOR

THOUGHTS FROM
MODERN MARTYRS

A delightful little volume of 120 pages. Illustrated.

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In Leather (red or green) - - 75 Cents.
In Cloth (red) - - - - - 50 Cents.

The flame that spreads intensifies. Charity that goes afar gains strength at home.

* *

JAPANESE IN THE U. S.

THE only priest who, to our knowledge, is interested in converting Japanese, resident in this country is the Rev. Pius L. Moore, S. J. of Gonzaga College, Spokane, Washington.

We supply Fr. Moore occasionally with Catholic Japanese literature and will gladly do likewise for other priests who are in a position to reach the Japanese.

In a letter dated Sept. 22d, Fr. Moore writes:

"Our little Japanese mission is doing well, thanks to God's mercy and to the intercession of Japan's glorious martyrs. Just last week, we were consoled by the baptism of a young man at the Sisters' Hospital. He was instructed by our first convert, Francis Xavier Masui, and a few days after being received into Holy Church made his First Communion, and though it was sad to see a young man of twenty-two years die so far away from home and relatives, we rejoiced that our Good Master saw fit to call him to Heaven in the evening of the very day on which he had received Him for the first time in Holy Communion.

I do intend to send you a more lengthy account of our fervent young converts, but the constant attention demanded by my class of forty-five boys in the college, requires me to postpone this pleasure to another time. I shall, however, have an opportunity to instill some of the missionary spirit into my young friends of the class-room, and I shall introduce my "mite-box" next month. I wish you to send me some post-cards of the Foreign Missions that my words may be assisted by the appeal made by your select photos.

I enclose two dollars in draft and I trust St. Anthony and the Guardian Angels of our missions will see that they arrive safely.

The three subscriptions are to be sent as follows: One copy to Fathers' Library, Gonzaga College; one copy to Junior Reading Room, Gonzaga College and one copy to my own address. I enclose fifty cents for the post-cards also.

Thanking you for your many past favors and promising to write you something for your little paper in the near future, I am,

Yours in union of prayers,
PIUS L. MOORE, S. J."

* *

THE FIELD AFAR.

Single copies	50c. a year
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Ten copies	40c. a year
Twenty-five copies	35c. a year
Fifty copies	30c. a year
100 or more copies	25c. a year

IN THE HOMES OF MARTYRS.

PIERRE CHANEL.

I WAS spending the night in *Cuet*, the birth-place of *Pierre Chanel* first martyr of Oceania.

My kind host, the gentle young curé, had invited the stranger to officiate at the 9.30 o'clock mass which would serve the double purpose of a service for the pilgrims and the opening of a monthly retreat for the priests of the *canton*.

I had accepted although I felt that, as an American, whose countrymen were quite strange to this little ham-



THE CURÉ OF CUET AND HIS ALTAR BOYS.

let, that I would be more of a distraction than a help to the gathered clergy.

Mass was delayed to allow a reasonable time for some aged priests to arrive but most of them were in the sacristy by 9.45. They had come, some of them on foot, a few by the railway and one on his bicycle, with cassock flaps ingeniously tucked away under the handle-bar.

As the holy sacrifice proceeded, some simple hymns were sung by a choir of peasant girls, one of the visiting priests occupying the organ bench. These hymns alternated with psalms chanted by the clergy, and immediately after the closing prayer, my old friend and guide of the previous day, Père Dolliat, S. M. (as we must hereafter recognize him) mounted the pulpit and in a few moments had launched into a flowing torrent of spiritual thought. This was evidently noted with deep interest by all in the church but when it reached the sacristy, it was like the distant, dreamy, confused rush of a waterfall.

A blessing followed the discourse and all the priests adjourned in silence to the dining-room of the presbytery, which for this day had been turned into a conference hall to allow a discussion on various points on theology, canon law and liturgy.

At noon, lunch was served in a shed used for periodical parish festivities, and before this simple meal was begun I had an opportunity to meet the assembled priests, about eighteen in all. Most of them were middle-aged, a few, like the clerical bicyclist (who, I fear, was an up-setter of local traditions) still quite young.

As I saw them individually and observed them during the day, the impression left was that of a body of priests, active and full of faith, disturbed, as a matter of course, over the miserable condition of their country and perplexed, but confident that everything was for the best.

Like nearly all the priests whom I had met in various parts of France, they seemed lately to have come to some realization of the gratifying condition of Catholicity in North America, and they were keen in their inquiries concerning statistics and methods of church work in the United States.

Some were suspicious, of course—'ça va sans dire,' as they say themselves, and these were inclined to believe that the Abbé Klein and other French clerics—loud in their praise of the American priesthood—had been looking at us through a rose-colored magnifying lens or some other deceptive medium. They were even under the impression that a tremendous wave of heresy was rising in the United States.

A lie dies slowly and the terms, *Americanism* and *Heckerism*, which were forgotten in our country almost as soon as they had been uttered, were still on the circuit in France after the lapse of several years,—thanks to the deliberate falsification of certain unprincipled translators.

These good men at *Cuet*, however, were only too ready to learn the truth and to be assured that American Catholicity is quite as vital as its apparent strength would indicate.

The priests of *Belley*, for this is the diocese to which *Cuet* belongs, are evidently not so credulous as those I had found occasionally elsewhere. Perhaps the gentle and saintly Bishop of *Annecy*, who was a native of this diocese, had left to his brethren some of his own sweet simplicity. In any event, they were sincere and sympathetic.

The Bishop of Osaka, Japan, among others had done much to give American Catholics a high standing in this department of France. On his return, after thirty years' absence in Japan, Bishop Chatron spent some weeks in this his native province and was enthusiastic over the Catholic Church of the United States.

Another influence exerted on these priests was the fact that most if not all of them had studied at the junior Seminary of *Meximeux* which counted among its alumni, two American prelates, Monseigneur 'Eerlawn' and Monseigneur 'Ogormon.'

The visitor, quite unaware at the moment of this circumstance, was somehow slow, it must be confessed, to identify the names with the distinguished Archbishop of St. Paul and the learned Bishop of Sioux Falls.

One of Archbishop Ireland's classmates was in fact present at the table, and others there had met Bishop O'Gorman during his course.

The signal to begin was now given. After the blessing, we all sat in silence and, as at a seminary or retreat colation, the reader started to the accompaniment of soup dishes and spoons. Ordinarily the reading would, I learned afterwards, have continued to the end of the meal but the presence of a stranger from afar was considered justification for a *Deo gratias* which let loose eighteen silver streams of limpid French.

Then began a volley of questions, most of them bearing on the American Church, all of which were answered as perfectly as a limited knowledge of the language and other essentials would allow.

The field was a wide one but it finally narrowed down to the matter and manner of Church support in the

THE CURÉ'S DINING-ROOM.
Arranged for the Conference.

United States, on which subject these estimable gentlemen received a few startling facts which set them all talking among themselves and gave me a chance to catch a second wind,—and some slight nourishment.

The American Church was warmly toasted and the strong hope expressed that, in France, similar conditions of freedom might yet be enjoyed by Catholics. After a prayer of thanksgiving, all retired immediately to the Church for Vespers and Benediction which were in turn followed by another conference and confessions.

I was glad to have met these priests at *Cuet*. May the martyr sons of this *canton* secure for its clergy special graces in their efforts to counteract the trying times on which the Church of France has fallen!

The leave-takings were cordial though brief. The bicyclist left a little trail of dust as he sped away like an army courier; the long waiting horses jogged off with their clerical burdens (not so light as an average); the pedestrians waited for the dust to settle and they in turn bade *M. le Curé*, the preacher and the stranger *au revoir*; and last but not least, the pastor of *Cras* expressed his hope that *Pierre Chanel*, the Blessed, would one day bring us all together again.

We watched the last cassock as it brushed against the hedge at the presbytery corner and *Père Dolliat*, as at the close of a mighty effort, wiped his perspiring brow and sighed—"Ah!"—"fatigué!"—"whew!"

And the poor little *curé*,—he certainly looked tired. His thin pale face was slightly flushed with the final excitement and the day's responsibilities had evidently told on his strength but it was over now and he seemed relieved.

There were left on his hands the two with whom he had started, but perhaps, I argued, the stranger would serve a useful purpose, as target for *Père Dolliat's* anecdotes and observations on divers subjects and thus allow our kindly host needed relaxation.

I begged the *curé* to rest a while but he would not listen. *Victor Chanel*, the martyr's grand-nephew, had arranged to meet us down the road at the house of *Mme. Victor's* brother-in-law and *M. le Curé* would bring me there. It would do him much good, he assured me; so, towards six o'clock we started, with a promise to *Père Dolliat* that we should return for dinner at seven, during which time I presumed that the active little man would be talking to himself for lack of an audience.

Passing around the inn, for it seems that a stray pilgrim can be accommodated at *Cuet*, the pastor and his visitor were soon on the high-way. My companion was saluted respectfully by all whom we met, and with

infinite gentleness he spoke his word of greeting to each.

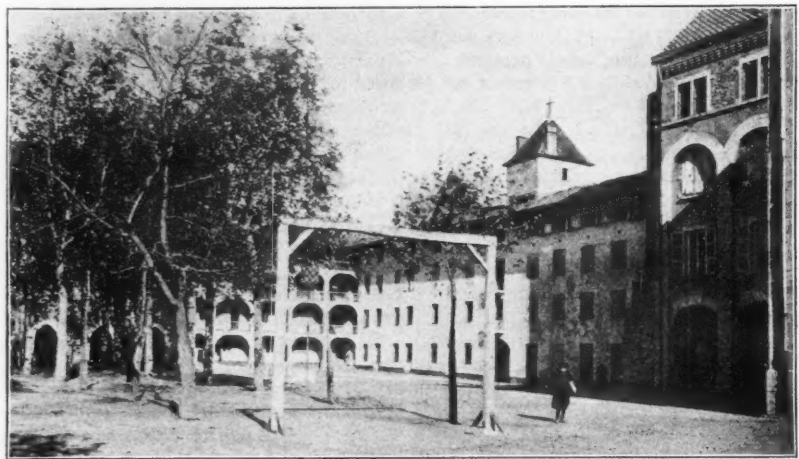
There were not a great many houses on the road but we entered all, as the *curé* was organizing a Lourdes pilgrimage and was most anxious that *Cuet* should be well represented. A special car and very low railroad rates might be provided if they could only secure the required number. "Would the good mother go?" "No." "The journey would cost only 100 francs (\$20.00) and think of the privilege of seeing the best-loved shrine in all France. And who knows? Perhaps the long continued asthmatic attacks would stop. In any event, the money would be well-spent on this pilgrimage of faith.

But it was for *Annette*, the little one, that the old lady was solicitous. She herself would not have many years to suffer but *Annette* was young and delicate. Perhaps the holy Virgin would make *Annette* strong, urged the *Curé*,—*nest-ce-pas, Père?* He had turned to me for assurance and for the first time the household realized that the stranger was a priest. The discovery threatened to be a final blow to the *curé's* plea but he hastened to explain the presence of the 'cassock-less wonder' and in the end I flatter myself that the exhibition of this curiosity won the day. It is possible that these good people, then and there,

she resembled closely the '*petite*' marvel to whom *Père Dolliat* had presented me on the previous day. Two bicycles leaned against the doorway suggesting that the young men whom we sought were not far away; and in fact we had hardly been seated when their owners appeared and I had the pleasure of meeting *Victor*, the ideal *brave homme*, grand-nephew of the Blessed *Pierre Chanel* and special friend of *Père Dolliat*, S. M.

Let me hasten to assure the reader that *Père Dolliat's* judgment seemed well founded in his estimate of *Victor Chanel*. Tall, well-built and manly, with a face kindly and honest, *Victor* came forward to greet us. He had the ease of a gentleman and a woman's modesty.

One felt that this young man of thirty had within him elements of success, and though conscious of his ability, he was yet without the slightest trace of boastfulness. He had hurried in from the fields in peasant attire and at once manifested a keen interest not only in my purpose respecting his blessed kinsman but in the fact that I was an American. He showed unusual familiarity with events and conditions in the United States and sighed as we made the inevitable comparison between the present prospects of the Church in both countries.



THE "LITTLE SEMINARY" AT MEXIMEUX, FRANCE.

decided to go to Lourdes and pray for my conversion to the cassock. At all events, in every instance the *curé* received the encouragement which he sought.

About a mile away from the Church we came to our rendezvous, the dwelling of *Mme. Victor Chanel's* brother-in-law, another well-appointed home with a large farm attached. *Madame* herself was at the door to greet us and

Poor fellow, I thought. Perhaps he foresees that before the climax is reached, he too, like his martyred kinsman may be called upon to suffer and even to die for the faith, which to him, as to many of his countrymen, is still dearer than life itself.

The day was too far advanced for a successful photograph and the faithful camera failed to carry away

a likeness of *Victor Chanel*, the more's the pity, since *Victor's* features are supposed to resemble not a little those of the *Blessed Pierre*.

At an early hour the next morning I left *Cuet*. My gentle host was warm in his expressions of regret, and his invitation to return was as genuine as it was acceptable. The older priest stood at one side and nodded approvingly as if to remind both of us that it was he who had brought about this union of hearts.

We all walked together towards the railway station, along the road which *Pierre Chanel* had traveled, when, without daring to say good-bye, he left his parents, and took up his way of the cross to *Futuna*, where he was destined after a few short months to win the martyr's crown.

At *Montreuil*, I left my companions and was glad to find a compartment unoccupied where I could reflect at leisure on the gratifying experience which had been mine. I can still see the two priests,—the gentle *curé* bowing slightly and *Père Dolliat*, with his curly locks and snapping eyes, drawing the attention of all the passengers as he waved his big hat with an important gesture, that would have started the train even if the conductor had not blown his miserable penny whistle.

Since then, and it is not long ago, *Père Dolliat* has taken his flight to Heaven. May sweet Jesus have mercy on the faithful soul of this zealous priest—who knew and served men well because he loved God generously!

I left the train at *Amberieu* and changed cars for *Mexmieux* arriving at the *petite seminaire* just before noon. While waiting in the parlor for the superior, I remarked two large paintings, one of *Pierre Chanel*, who had studied here, the other of a much-loved modern saint, whose voice had echoed occasionally in these halls, the *Blessed Curé d'Ars*. It is good to feel that martyrs and saints belong even to our day.

The students were all on vacation, but several professors made my short stay pleasant. One of them accompanied me to the former home of a well-known Boston priest, a Marist father, after which I took the train for Lyons.



COMMUNICATIONS FROM ASSAIS.

OUR venerable friend, Fr. Eusebius Vénard, *Curé d'Assais*, the martyr's brother, has been certainly busy since his return from Rome. In a letter written to a priest in this country he says:

"I have just now more than fifty letters waiting to be answered, and I hardly know where I am; and every day there comes some new task, which, in addition to my troubles with editors, photographers and engravers and furnishers of all kinds of supplies, makes my burden especially heavy, since it is necessary to write frequently to some of these in order to get satisfaction. I do not include the letters of congratulation, demands for relics, invitations of priests, and little side trips here and there, all of which have helped to weaken me.

What affected me most at Rome was the enthusiastic greetings of the young ecclesiastics, at St. Peters, in the morning and in the evening, and later in the different religious houses to which I had been invited. In seeing me all felt that they were looking upon our Blessed, and the tears suffocated me, as at St. Peter's when I was listening to the *Te Deum*."

AN observer of the beatification ceremonies [in Rome] wrote his impressions in the *Deux Sèvres* edition of *La Croix*. This paper, a Catholic weekly, has since been forwarded to Boston by Fr. Vénard, and we are happy to reproduce a faithful translation for our readers:

POITOU AT ROME.

Splendid and memorable were the solemnities which marked the beatification of Jeanne d'Arc. In its greatness that was a national festival for the French people. We were there, between thirty and forty thousand strong, assembled from all parts of our country to honor, in union with the Church, the holy maid of France; and also—by the presence of such an assemblage of French bishops, priests, and Catholic laity as Rome had never seen—to express a nation's thanks to "the Pope of Jeanne d'Arc" for the august act by which he was raising to the altars "God's little one," the messenger of Heaven, the liberatrix of her country, and offering her for our public veneration.

AT ST. PETER'S.

The second of May was rather a family festival, more intimate because of the more restricted appeal it presented. It had the same great scene as had that in honor of "the little daughter of the good God," Blessed Jeanne d'Arc—St. Peter's at Rome; the same outward pomp and state, the same grandeur; only the crowd was somewhat less immense, and its natural demonstrativeness was replaced by a calmer air of devout recollection, as of a family at prayer.

Officially the ceremony was styled "The Solemn Beatification of the Venerable Servant of God, Stephen Theodore Cuénot, Bishop and Apostolic Vicar, with thirty-two of his Chinese and Annamite fellow-martyrs, and of the Venerable Servant of God, Francis de Capillas, first martyr in China, of the Dominican Preaching Friars."

You will get the atmosphere of the frozen north in "An American Missionary," the story of Fr. Judge, S.J. in Alaska.

But for us from Poitou, it had a much shorter title—it was the solemn beatification of Théophane Vénard. Which one of us does not know that countenance, with its engaging sweetness of expression, and those beautiful letters to his family, revealing his unflinching calm in the face of martyrdom? It was the Church's solemn and public tribute of honor to the Venerable servant of God, Jean Théophane Vénard of St.-Loup-sur-Thouet . . . and thirty-two of his fellow-martyrs.

THE AUDIENCE.

For two days our little company of pilgrims had been literally floating in an atmosphere of joy and triumph. Their faces reflected it; their lips never tired of repeating it. Saturday was the special audience granted to us by the Holy Father, at the request of the Bishop of Poitiers. There was only one shadow on the scene; only one, but how it troubled us all! The state of Bishop Pelgé's health had been such that it was feared he could not go to Rome for the celebration. But, when it became necessary, Monseigneur gave orders to the medical faculty and was obeyed. Still unable to leave his bed on Good Friday, the Bishop told his physicians, "The Bishop of Poitiers must not fail to be in Rome for the beatification of Jeanne d'Arc and Théophane Vénard." He put himself in their hands, adding, "I must be on my feet by Wednesday." And on Wednesday he left for Rome, in company with the Vicar-General de Vareilles-Sommières; and the pilgrims from Poitou had the satisfaction of seeing their Bishop in the pontifical processions on Sunday, April 8, at the beatification of Jeanne d'Arc, and again on the following days at the ceremonies which marked the Triduum to St. Louis of France. It was too much for him all at once. He was obliged in consequence, to suffer the painful disappointment of not being able to present his people in person to the Holy Father, and of being absent from the beatification of Théophane Vénard. At the audience the Bishop's place was taken by the Vicar-General.

* *

Although for the last eleven years, efforts have been constantly made to arouse among the good Catholics of the Boston Archdiocese, effective interest in outside missions, there are yet scores and hundreds, let us say thousands, of the faithful, who, up to the present, are blind to the need and quite unconscious of their opportunity to relieve it.

Catholic people are well disposed. Your word may be the one influence necessary to bring into our ranks a sympathetic worker—perhaps an apostle.

* *

For occasional use keep on your table a copy of THOUGHTS FROM MODERN MARTYRS.

MR. CHAU PAT LAM.

THE American Consul General at Canton, China, is evidently graced with the saving sense of humor.

Sometime ago we were requested by one of our faithful Chinese Catholics in Boston to place before competent authorities, the case of his cousin, a physician, in or near Canton, who was anxious to come to this country for purposes of study.

On this occasion we first made use of the offices of Fr. Bourdin D'Arcy, one of Bishop Merel's priests, but we must confess that at the time we had no suspicion that we were interceding for a man of Irish blood.

The Consul General, whose name we cannot decipher, wrote under date of Sept. 14th, 1909, to the Propagation of the Faith Office, Boston, as follows:—

none, as in this happy country any one can practise medicine, and as the Government never holds an inquest for anyone dying, and as the physicians are not called upon to report deaths, a doctor has no responsibilities beyond collecting his fees, which range anywhere from five cents up to a dollar.

As *Doctor Chau* has no idea as to what he would do when he reached America and is certainly too old to begin the study of English in order to acquire a greater knowledge of medicine, I was compelled to decline to visa his certificate.

Our Chinese friend at this end accepted the disappointment as stolidly as if it had been joyful news, and Mr. Patrick Lamb is still at large among the invalids of his native heath.

* *

OUR FOREIGN READERS.

MANY comments have been made on our photographs of fellow-Catholics reading *THE FIELD AFAR* in foreign lands. Perhaps none was

a few of the many tribes that inhabit the island of Borneo.

From left to right, they are as follows:

Dusun (kneeling) Milano, (standing behind Milano) Dyak, (sitting) Chinese (dressed in white), Tamil, (with cap) Malay, (kneeling) Eurasian, (standing on the right) Kayan.

Please do not think that their daily dress is as they appear in print, but, being school-boys, they wanted to "show off" with the best they had. I remain,

Sincerely yours,

H. HEYDEN."

* *

REPORT FROM TECHNY, ILL.

MENTION has already been made of the branch Seminary for Foreign Missions founded by the Society of the Divine Word at Techny, Illinois. It has given us pleasure to insert a special announcement of this Mission-house on our limited advertisement page and Father Janser writes his word of appreciation:

"Yesterday I received the latest issue of *THE FIELD AFAR*, containing the little advertisement for St. Mary's Mission House.

I wish to express my sincerest thanks. It will certainly take a while till our Seminary gets known over all the country. The number of our students is at present 15, a few applications still pending. We may possibly start the new term with 20 pupils. That seems to me very gratifying for the first year. Two of the boys will be ready to take up philosophy by next fall.

To show my gratitude in some way I take pleasure in sending you a copy of St. Michael's Almanac. The St. Michael's Almanac is published for 1910 and sells for twenty-five cents under separate cover. This is one of our publications to maintain St. Joseph's Technical School, and to serve our missionary enterprises. Some of the articles may prove, I hope, to be of special interest to you. Thus you find on page 89 'Ten Years in America,' page 100, 'Very Rev. Arnold Janssen,' page 105, 'St. Mary's Mission House,' an appeal to Catholics for men and means.

From the foreign field we received lately pretty bad news. In New Guinea two young fathers died, Koester and Winter. They were probably drowned when sailing from the Island of Tumlao to the main land. This means a great loss in one of the most difficult missions. In China one of the oldest and best missionaries, Fr. R. Pieper, was taken away. Shortly before he had been chosen delegate to the General Chapter to convene next October in the mother house at Steyl, Holland.

Other reports are very satisfactory and promising for the future. In South Shantung, China, alone are 44,554 catechumens. You may see the latest report on the front cover of 'Steyler Missionsbote.' The Society has charge of four pagan fields, in China, New Guinea, Togo (West Africa), Japan (diocese of Mgr. Berlioz); 20,000,000 heathens inhabit these territories. 444 missionaries with 238 Sisters are engaged in the field. Catechists, both male and female, we employ 1120. 52,000 adult Christians, 48,640 are preparing for baptism, 122,00 children were baptised in danger of death. 14,185 children attend the mission schools. Almost 1200 students are educated in our four European Seminaries to work on the 'field afar' some day. It was only in 1882 that we took charge of the first mission field in China."



WITH "THE FIELD AFAR" IN BORNEO.

Reverend Sir:

The Reverend Charles Bourdin d'Arcy, of Canton, China, has given me your letter to him of June 21st regarding the desire of one Joe Fie Ark to bring into the United States a cousin of his, Mr. *Chau Pat Lam*. Mr. Chau has called at the Consulate, and I find him to be a man 50 years of age, who has been teaching since he was 25, and at the same time practising medicine. He holds no diploma as a teacher from the Government, and as a doctor he requires

For books and subscriptions, address The Propagation of Faith Office (Bureau), 41 Malden Street, Boston, Mass.

Photogravures of our recent martyrs are also kept on hand and will be mailed, in leather frames, on receipt of twenty-five cents. A gift for the Holidays.

more attractive than that which served as the frontispiece of our October issue, entitled *Family Reading in Japan*, sent by Fr. Claudius Ferrand. It was pronounced by a well-known Boston artist one of the most attractive photographs he ever saw.

In the present issue, we reproduce another of this series, a group picture taken by Fr. Heyden, a Mill Hill Missionary in Borneo. Accompanying this photograph is the following letter:

KUCHING, Sept. 23, 1909.

"From the enclosed photograph, you see that *THE FIELD AFAR* is not only read in India but also in the wilds of Borneo. The persons represented on the photo are

FROM THE FIELD.

ACCIDENTALLY, we have discovered another English-speaking missionary in Eastern Asia—a Christian Brother, from Dublin, Ireland, now teaching at Hanoi, W. Tonkin. We have not secured his name but are seeking this and other information concerning him.

THE only English-speaking missionary at Saigon, a large commercial port of Indo-China, is Fr. A. Decoopman. We do not know his nationality but we are certain that he is not of any English-speaking race although his letters show a good working knowledge of our language.

SPEAKING of the native nuns in Maritime Tonkin, Fr. Martin says that they engage in many useful employments,—nursing the sick, caring for infants, toiling in the fields or sewing; they also raise chickens, pigs and silk worms,—the profit of these industries being devoted to the sick.

"These good sisters are not so tall as the average European sister," writes Fr. Martin, "but they do great work just the same." They help also in teaching the alphabet and catechism to little girls in the villages. Those who wear the black veil have taken their vows.

A LETTER from Fr. Bengoa, a Franciscan missionary in Hankow, refers with deep affection to the death of Bishop Carlassare, which occurred July 24, last. Bishop Carlassare was vicar apostolic of East Hu-peh, and had spent 39 years in China during which time his labors were extremely arduous.

The vicariate of East Hu-peh, which will now be under the spiritual direction of Bishop Gennaro, O. F. M., counts 24,000 Catholics and 20,000 preparing, in a population of 16 millions.

Bishop Gennaro will be assisted by 17 native diocesan priests, 24 Franciscan Fathers, 8 Marist Brothers and 25 Daughters of Charity.

FROM the Cook Islands, Oceania, Fr. Kerdal writes: "A native conducted me to his house where he had prepared a feast. Unnecessary to say that the place was invaded in a twinkling, they came in by the doors and windows and sat on the earth. To them I talked about the foundation of the Catholic Faith, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. The audience was most sympathetic; after a long conversation, when I wanted to end, they cried out: 'Don't go yet,

Pray much for the success of this work and the conversion of souls, who up till now have lived outside the fold of the Good Shepherd. Intercede with charitable people to assist me. Little by little we shall want land, a chapel, a presbytery, a school and a reservoir for water, which is the first necessity, since we are made up of body as well as soul."

BISHOP MUTEL has kindly sent to the diocesan office, for the decoration of our mission-exhibit rooms, some fans and a generous number of Korean drawings done with Chinese ink. These latter are panels which he says should be hung in pairs as wall ornaments.

They are gifts which he parts with as evidence of his gratitude to Catholics in Boston.

Along with these drawings, we have found a photograph taken at the Seminary where the native Korean priests are educated. On the right of the Bishop is Fr. Guinard, the Superior

KOREA, once the hermit kingdom, becomes daily more interesting. The people, like their neighbors (and present keepers), are waking rapidly to the ideas of civilization, and the demand for knowledge is frequent and insistent. One of our correspondents, Fr. Eugene Deneux, writes from Chemulpo.

I wish you were able to do something for the little scholars whose pictures I am sending to-day.

School-work is of capital importance here in Korea, it is one of the great new needs in our apostolate, coming from a thirst for knowledge unknown until lately.

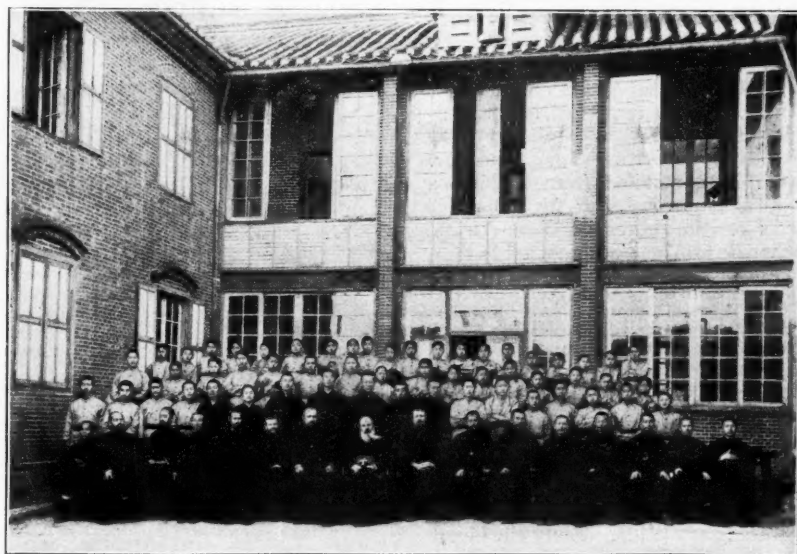
At Chemulpo where there are several pagan and Protestant schools we must sustain at the Catholic missions, schools which are up to the highest standard, and already we have made a beginning.

The present boys' school hardly accommodates 50 and we have 100 using my own room for one class.

INFLUENCE OF CATHOLIC SISTERS.

Many girls attend the convent daily to study religion and various secular subjects. They are accommodated after a fashion in the Sisters' house but a separate establishment must be provided.

The Korean child is usually good and docile. Again the esteem which our



A KOREAN SEMINARY RECEIVING THE BISHOP.

and on his left, two Professors, Frs. Derréd and Chisollet. The others in the first row are 12 Korean priests. A 13th was ordained at Trinity.

In the second row are the Seminarians. Those in black are already in orders and they number to-day 51. The others are in the preparatory grades, studying Latin and philosophy.

"A beautiful and interesting family," writes the sender, "but the support of this needed establishment means much care to the old bishop."

[Apropos of these drawings, the Bishop says that the artist gets about \$1.00 for each collection of 10 panels.]

Catholic Sisters have won by their care of the sick has inspired deep confidence in them as guardians of the children's morals. The time is ripe for a considerable development of our work. I know it is a great sum but if we had \$2,000 here at Chemulpo, we could build our two schools and furnish them.

Perhaps these two photographs will serve as the Providential instrument through which this benefaction will come. Last year, I sent a written appeal to several priests in America, and I would have tried others but my duties forced me to interrupt this test-work which when it takes the form of a request from my brother-priests, does not attract me. To-day, I ran into the familiar text: "Ask and it shall be given"—and I write accordingly.

Strengthen our ranks for the Apostolate of 1910.

MISSION READING CIRCLE.

FIFTH LESSON.

FROM the 1st to the 12th Century of the Christian era, Africa was the most flourishing centre of Catholicity outside of Europe. Christianity was brought by St. Mark the Evangelist to Alexandria, where it developed rapidly and spread into Lybia and Ethiopia. At about the same period Roman soldiers and merchants carried the gospel to Carthage which became the centre of a great Christian region.

Unfortunately African Christianity was constantly exposed to the attacks of schism and heresy, and after bitter persecution by the Arian Vandals, Islamites and Buddhists from the seventh century, Africa, steeped in idolatry and vicious slavery, was truly the "Dark Continent." The Church, however, never fully forsook her, and during this long period missions were to be found scattered through the country, especially at trading posts. But the work which was to mark the evangelization of Africa began in the late 19th century and originated in America.

In 1841, three Americans, Father Barron, vicar-general to Bishop Kenrick of Philadelphia, with Father John Kelley of New York, and Mr. David Pindar sailed from Baltimore to establish a mission for liberated slaves on the shores of West Africa. Father Barron was consecrated Bishop of Guinea, (a place referred to often as the White Man's Grave) and was reinforced by additional priests. The fatal climate soon carried all off, and the mission was about to be abandoned when the Lyon's Society for African Missions came to the rescue and saved the work.

Such was the inauspicious beginning of modern Apostolic work in Africa, to-day one of the most promising missionary fields. Truly the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians.

To-day Africa with its islands is divided into 82 ecclesiastical regions, in which some 25 religious orders and congregations are engaged. These societies have 2,574 missionary priests, brothers and nuns occupied in the work, out of a total population of 300,000,000; 853,931 Africans are Catholics, an increase of 761,099 since 1902.

While all the African missions are interesting, those of the White Fathers and that of the Mill Hill priests of Uganda are especially so.

The congregation of White Fathers, whose particular sphere of activity

is Africa, was founded by the late Cardinal Lavegerie, who gave up the important bishopric of Nancy for the humble see of Algiers. The plan of the order has been to abolish slavery and to found industrial colonies by attracting sympathy and good will through the development of the oases, and the creation of new ones, where stations have been formed for the relief of the sick, for the offer of hospitality to all, irrespective of creed, and for the protection of fugitive slaves. By giving to the natives practical demonstration of the benefits of civilization, they prepare the ground for the seeds of Christianity.



STUDYING THE CATECHISM IN B. E. AFRICA.
(Photo sent by Rev. Francis Burns.)

The scheme has worked wonderful results. There are to-day over 400 priests of this order, assisted by nuns and catechists, laboring in the missions of Kahylia, the Prefecture of the Sudan, Sahara Vicariate, Nyassa, Victoria Nyanza, Unyanyembe, Sauganyrka, Upper Congo and Congo Free State; and in all of these may be found schools, hospitals, dispensaries and asylums.

Uganda, a few years ago unknown to us, but now a daily table topic, was originally under the direction of the White Fathers who passed it over to the Mill Hill missionaries. Persecution and conversion have gone hand in hand in Uganda, great ravages have been made by the sleeping sickness and famine; yet at the present time the mission is flourishing. In 1891 it could boast only 4,000 Christians, and recent records show over 100,000.

SOME CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS.

In choosing Christmas gifts this year, why not multiply the good results of your kindness. To give something is good, doubtless; to give something which will do good to another is better; to give that which will do good in many ways is best of all.

A present of such a book as *A MODERN MARTYR, AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY, THOUGHTS FROM MODERN MARTYRS* or any other of the books on our list of missionary publications will not only interest the reader, it will strengthen his confidence in his fellow-man, elevate his ideal and gain for the cause of missions, a true friend.

Another kind of gift, which however we cannot promise will do any special good to the beneficiary, is some of our Chinese embroideries now on sale at the Diocesan office.

Even these will have their value, because when it is known that they are the work of Chinese Catholic young women, who had been abandoned as infants by their parents, an interest may be aroused that will later bring substantial results.

WE have received a most interesting illustrated prospectus of Mr. Peter MacQueen's lectures on the

'Land and Game of Darkest Africa, Where Roosevelt Hunts.'

Mr. MacQueen in making this trip last year travelled 27,000 miles. He spent a year in Central Africa, dined with the Sultan of Zanzibar, lunched with the King of Uganda, made the record of English American mountain climbing and secured what is understood the finest collection of photographs ever taken in Africa.

Mr. MacQueen has brought out a very readable and most attractive looking book, excellently illustrated.

It is good to note his high appreciation of the work accomplished in Africa by Catholic missionaries. He writes of Mother Paul:

"At the Nysambia mission, there is laboring to-day a noble American woman, Mother Paul, who has a very efficient school of four hundred native girls. The girls are learning reading, writing, sewing, household duties and the finer sanctities of womanhood. There are several English sisters associated with Mother Paul in the high work of the redemption of the women of Uganda. In all my trip through Africa I saw nothing more touching, beautiful, and bordering on the sublime, than the heroic efforts of these White Nuns of the Nysambia Mission."

THE STAR SERIES.

FROM Osaka, Japan, there arrived a few weeks ago at the diocesan office, a set of English readers which we find most interesting. When it is remembered that the study of English is compulsory to-day in the schools of Japan, we were not a little curious to look over the subject-matter of these publications.

There are four grades of English readers and three of Grammar and Exercise books—all published under the name of the Star Series at some hieroglyphic establishment, presumably in Japan.

Many of the reading lessons remind us of our primary school days. In number one we find an appreciation of the city of Osaka.

OSAKA.

Osaka is a large commercial city. It is smaller, but richer than Tokyo. It is the richest city in Japan. Osaka has one of the best and most beautiful harbors in the country. There are many canals in Osaka. The number of people has increased very much of late. It is now the second city in the empire.

In the second reader are descriptions of natural scenery, various rules and maxims and some verses including "Mary had a Little Lamb," and appeals to the natural virtues. As will be noticed in the following lines, patriotism is not forgotten and we are glad to see the blessed name of God invoked.

THE SOLDIER BOY.

Here is a brave little soldier boy! His hat is made of paper, with paper feathers in it.

His sword is cut out of wood, and is tied on with a string.

His face is not fierce, but his sister is trying to make him look fierce. Under his jacket is the heart of a brave man.

Some day this boy may be what he is now playing to be, a great soldier.

May God bless this soldier boy!

In number three, we find appreciations of George Washington (the hatchet story), Longfellow, Abraham Lincoln, King Canute (his tribute on the sea-shore to the King of Kings) Benjamin Franklin and William Tell (the apple story).

Several bits of poetry look quite familiar in volume number four, especially, *Home, Sweet Home, The Tempest, The Last Rose of Summer, The English National Hymn, Wordsworth's Rescue of the Lamb*. In this volume, the story of the Prodigal Son is simply told and we are pleased to note the following questions which are asked at the close of the poem—"St. Philip Neri and the Youth."

Questions:—When and where did St. Philip Neri live? (A. D. 1515-1595 Rome). Did he take great interest in young folks? Whom did he meet in the streets of Rome one day? Why had the young man come to Rome? What kind of questions did the Saint ask him? Does responsibility increase with rank? Have persons of rank harder duties to perform than common people? Is it more advantageous to practise virtue than to acquire high dignities?

In the last volume we find a composition signed by a pupil of the Morning Star School and entitled—"A View of Tokyo," which gives us an idea of the Japanese youth's æsthetic sense. The Morning Star School is conducted by the Marianist Brothers and has 800 students of whom 700 are unbelievers.



THE LATELY MASSACRED PRINCE ITO AND HIS YOUNG CHARGE, THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF KOREA.

[Photo sent by Bishop Berlioz.]

A VIEW OF TOKYO.

We had climbed a low hill situated in the western part of Tokyo, in the hope of getting a bird's eye view of at least a part of that vast city. We were not disappointed, for, the day being clear and bright, we could see to a distance of many miles.

There beneath us lay the Japanese metropolis, whose countless roofs of slaty-colored tiles lay gleaming in the brilliant sunshine like the frozen breakers of a dark tempestuous sea. The houses were small and mostly of one story, but the uniformity of tint as well as the structure was not monotonous, as the low roofs were broken here and there to let refreshing groves of summer verdure lift their emerald foliage high up in the soft and balmy air.

From distance to distance, like coral islands in a southern sea, rose huge buildings in brick or European architecture. Among the small but growing number of churches, the most conspicuous for size and position is the Church of the Resurrection,

A Xmas Book for Boys

An American Missionary in Alaska

An interesting account of Fr. Judge's adventures and labors. 293 pages, 16 illustrations. Bound in cloth. Mail your order to 41 Malden Street, Boston, Mass.

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which, with its snow-white walls and its huge black dome and spire of Russian architecture, is built in a commanding position on the edge of a low but steep hill in the central part of Tokyo.

To the east and west, scattered groups of small factory chimneys, like the nostrils of the waking city, vomit forth tall columns of black smoke high in the crystal-line air, in a seemingly vain endeavor to taint the snowy freshness of heaven's fleecy clouds.

These outward signs of the city's awakening and progress were truly most pleasing and prophetic to the foreign eye, and seemed to be the heralds of a future Tokyo that might, in the ages to come, even rival with the capitals of the western world in splendor and in size.

Far to the south stretched the Bay of Tokyo, its shining surface dotted here and there with picturesque junks or fishing boats. Truly it was a pleasing scene to contemplate the mingled landscape of sea and city, and the rapture of the moment was still further enhanced by the sweet songs of the birds all around us.

By a Pupil of the Morning Star School.

✱ ✱

Through occasional gifts, made for the purpose, *The Field Afar* is going at present to 160 missionaries in different parts of the world.

Most of these missionaries are on our list of correspondents and their letters are always welcome. It is impossible to publish all such letters, however interesting, in this little paper which is not only limited in its number of pages but appears only once in two months.

Through the medium of other publications, therefore, notably the *Pilot*, the *Sacred Heart Review* and the *Providence Visitor*, to all of which we contribute weekly, the contents of these precious letters from the remote fields will be made known.

A missionary's gratitude will mean a missionary's earnest prayer.

FOR YOUR SUBSCRIPTION send fifty cents in stamps, if you prefer; or a one dollar bill for two years. Why not, at the same time, suggest some possible subscribers whose hearts might warm to *The Field Afar*, and whose minds are large enough to embrace it?

If in addition to your receipt for a single subscription, you desire "Thoughts from Modern Martyrs," or "The Bible of the Sick," send one dollar.

Ten new subscriptions will bring to you "A Modern Martyr,"—now in its fifth thousand. This book contains the charming letters of Théophane Vénard, who was martyred in Tonkin, February 2, 1861.

THE 'BOTTLED EYES' STORY.

THERE is a more or less widespread belief among the Chinese that in the orphanages conducted by Europeans it is customary to pluck out the children's eyes for medical purposes. This horrible accusation has been traced to an event which occurred in 1860 at Tientsin.

It seems that forerunners of the Boxers at that time massacred several Catholic missionary priests and also some of the sisters. In plundering the orphanage they found a bottle filled with "children's eyes." This bottle they left, as evidence, while they spread a report of the "find" throughout the empire. The lie did its work and would have done greater damage were it not for a Chinese trader in European merchandise who proved to his countrymen that the terrible bottle was filled with small onions pickled in vinegar, an unusual delicatessen among the Chinese. Unfortunately the story still survives.

* *

A LETTER from a young missionary in China, written to his mother, has fallen into our hands and we take the liberty to reproduce it. The missionary is a Hollander who belongs to the Seminary for Foreign Missions in Scheut, Belgium:—

"Forty years ago a girl baby was brought to the orphanage here," he writes. "It was in the middle of winter. The little one was not frozen, as the man who brought her carried her under his sheep-skin coat. This man was asked where the child came from and what was her family name. He replied satisfactorily, received twenty cents for his trouble, and went away happy.

After the baptism a Christian nurse was found for "Anna," and five years later the orphanage again took the child, who, being well cared for, grew rapidly and strong.

Arrived at the age when our orphans are given in marriage to Christians, this young girl asked as a favor to be allowed to remain with the sisters and devote herself to the care of her little compatriots. Her superiors, granted her request. She remained a few years, was then sent successively to two other establishments, the last at Sa-Peul. From this place in 1900, a few days before the Boxers destroyed that village by fire, she escaped with some children to a settlement where four thousand Christians, gathered from all parts, had organized resistance against the pillagers.

After the disturbance had quieted down Anna continued to live at our mission and here a strange piece of news came to her.

It seems that the woman who had nursed her was considered very skillful in curing diseases of young children and this reputation secured for her many engagements which obliged her to travel considerably.

A storm having overtaken her one day while she was making her rounds, she found refuge in the first house she could reach. While chatting with the inmates she asked the family name and when it was told her

she exclaimed "I know your name; forty years ago I nursed one of your daughters whom you had given to the Orphanage of the Holy Childhood." They compared dates and circumstances; it proved true. When Father Voncke was notified he sent Anna to see her mother, who received the girl with joy, not unmixed, however, with distrust. After the first effusions the mother said "Tell us frankly the truth about these Europeans, who have established themselves here. Do they seek children, support them for a few years so that they may afterward pull out their eyes, of which they make a medicine which is unequalled for curing all maladies?"

Anna replied, "Look at me. Am I blind?" The mother and her family were so incredulous that finally Anna invited them to accompany her back to the orphanage, which they did. Those deluded people

blind. It would be useless to certify that the little girl was born so or that she lost her eyes through an accident, and that her parents had given her away for precisely that reason. The pagan will never admit that a European would be foolish enough to bring up, at his own expense, a girl who will never be able to see."

* *

THE card printed on this page in Chinese ideographs, may mean nothing to you, dear reader, but to a member of the Catholic Chinese Sunday School it means an absentee notification; for it must be confessed that some of our Chinese Catholics are human and somewhat in dread of bad weather. With the aid of two friends, Mr. Ying and Mr. Soo Hoo, we are able to supply the following translation:

(Read down from right to left)

God.	Sunday.	This
We	Because	Sunday
expect	the	you
you.	school	did
God	will	not
bless	help	come
you	you	to
Fathers	to	school.
Walsh	learn	Please
and	the	to
Redican.	religion	come
	of	next

* *

天之主保祐
厚望焉
並行福日
况讀書之道乃益于自身
女下福日
者現福日
不
會
來
讀

SUGGESTIONS TO SUNDAY SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

were greatly astonished to see eyes in the round faces of all the little girls. One of Anna's sisters even found among the number her own daughter, abandoned by her two years before.

When the dinner bell rang the Superior invited the visitors to partake of the general meal. They accepted, but with distrust, and could bring themselves to eat only after having seen the orphans attack the regulation boiled beef without any fear of being poisoned.

The legend of the tearing out of eyes spread throughout China, is so fixed in the minds of the pagans that to see all the orphans in a house of the Holy Childhood in possession of their eyes is not enough to undeceive them. It will be much worse if by any chance one of the children is really

MISSIONARIES writing to the Diocesan office are kindly urged to mention the diocese or vicariate to which they belong.

Gazetteers are incomplete and it is often difficult to locate, ecclesiastically, our good priests and nuns.

* *

Pray for the missionaries on the field; and pray that their ranks may be strengthened by the ardent faith, the sinew and brains of American Catholic youth.

A recent missionary book is *The Life of Father Colin, Founder and First Superior-General of the Society of Mary.* [Marist Fathers.]



OUR YOUNG APOSTLES.

FATHER Ignatius has been looking over compositions which came to our desk some time ago from St. Joseph's School in Oldtown, Maine, and we found them so interesting that we have selected two for THE FIELD AFAR. It is good to note in the minds of these children, the awakening of the missionary idea. May vocations to the apostolate soon spring from Oldtown!

Imelda Boutin writes on the subject:

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES

Catholic Missionaries are those priests who leave their homes to go into far lands and teach pagans about the true God or who go about telling people what they must do to save their souls.

Some of these missionaries have to stay in very cold places and suffer much from the cold, while others go to very hot places and suffer from the heat.

The missionaries often have to hide and teach the true Faith in secret because the pagans do not want their people to become Christians.

A missionary would give his own life to save the soul of the smallest Chinese baby.

The missionaries are just as happy as if they were in their own homes. They have to eat and live the same as the people they are trying to convert. We should help the missionaries by our prayers and giving them money.

The missionaries in some parts of our own country suffer as much as those in far lands.

Sister told us about a Redemptorist missionary who had to travel fifteen or twenty miles through the woods with his bag containing the articles necessary for saying Mass on his back. When he reached the place where he was to give the mission, there was nothing ready and no one to help him. The people were Catholics but some had never seen a priest and others had not seen one for twenty-five years.

He had no oil to burn before the Blessed Sacrament so he fixed a candle in an old can and put it in another can that had water in it so there would be no danger of fire.

That missionary felt happy because he was helping those people to know our Lord better.

I have told you all I can remember of the stories that were told to us. I have stars after my name.

Your apostle,

IMELDA BOUTIN.

We find no name on the following but it is no less interesting:

DEAR FATHER IGNATIUS:—

I am one of your apostles. When I am big, I am going to be a priest. I am only nine years old.

When we bring five cents Sister puts a star after our names, and when we get twenty-five stars, we get a prize. I have twelve stars.

Our new French edition of Théophane Vénard's life has many additional letters supplied by his brother.

Price, ONE DOLLAR, postpaid.

I am writing to you about Fr. Rasle and Théophane.

MAINE'S MARTYR.

Father Rasle was a Jesuit missionary. He taught the Indians at Old Point about God.

The English hated Father Rasle because he was a Catholic priest, and they offered a reward for his head.

In 1722, a party of about 230 men set out for Father Rasle's mission. It was hunting time, so they thought the Indians would be away and they could get Father Rasle and put him to death. Two Indian boys saw them coming, so they ran and told Father Rasle.

He hurried to the Church, consumed the Sacred Hosts that were in the tabernacle, took the sacred vessels, and went into the woods to hide. Father Rasle had just got behind a big tree when he heard them coming. They passed near the tree but did not see him.

The English burnt the Church, and then they went into the cabin and stole the few things the priest had, and then set it on fire.

When the Indians found out what the cruel English had done they were mad.

Just as soon as the Indians had enough to build their Church again an Indian chief went to Boston to ask the governor to send some men to build it for them. The Governor told him if he would send Father Rasle away that he would pay for having it built. The Indian told him to keep his old gold and his minister, they did not want them.

In 1724, a party of about one thousand men was sent to attack Father Rasle. When the Indians saw them coming, the women ran and the men got their guns and faced the enemy. Father Rasle came out and stood by his mission cross. They shot at him till he fell dead at the foot of the cross. They then split his head open and cut off his legs and took his head to Boston. When the English had gone the Indians came and buried Father Rasle in the ruins of the Church.

The place where a martyr dies is blessed and his blood is a prayer to God for the people.

Not very long ago, there were only a few Catholics in Maine, but now there are a great many, and it is because Father Rasle shed his blood for the Faith there.

Some day we hope Father Rasle will be the patron saint of Maine.

HERE is a letter from a Cambridge boy:

DEAR FATHER:—

"I enclose a Post-office Money Order for one dollar and seventy-five cents (\$1.75). Fifty cents of this amount is for my brother's subscription to THE FIELD AFAR; twenty cents for an S. P. F. pin, and the rest of the money is for Mother Paul. I will be eleven years old on the feast of St. Theresa, and when I read in THE FIELD AFAR of the little colored children in Uganda, I thought perhaps it would be good to send my money there. Please tell Mother Paul that it would please me very much if she named two of her babies for me Theresa, and Rita. My aunt feels sure she received a favor through St. Rita, so we take this way to show our gratitude. Please tell Mother Paul we will pray for her and her little black children. I wish she and they would pray for my father and mother as they are dead.

Very respectfully,
J. T. H."



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A CHRISTMAS IN UGANDA.

"It is almost impossible for us to realize that Christmas is so near! The sun is pouring its hottest beams directly upon us and everything is withered from the intense heat. This will probably last till February, when we hope for rain and cooler weather. How different is the present weather at home. Yet it makes Christmas more real. How lovely the feast is in the dear homeland far away! Only its memories sweeten the strange surroundings here. Last year we put up decorations of tiny Chili peppers with their dark green foliage and tried to believe it looked like holly. But when the crowd assembled for midnight Mass, and the candles were lighted, we were horrified to hear everybody sneezing! We cannot risk giving such distractions this year!

Kindest wishes and sincere thanks from
Your servant in Xto.,

M. M. PAUL, O. S. F.

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"Gather up the fragments that remain lest they be lost."—JOHN vi., 12.

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(Cathedral Precincts.)

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Rev. David J. Herlihy.

WE cannot insist too strongly on the need of *prayer*,—for the missionaries, for their flocks, for vocations to the apostolate and, last but not least, for a widening knowledge and deeper appreciation in America of the Church's universal mission.

* *

SINCE our last issue of THE FIELD AFAR, we have received these various articles from the missions, some to be placed on sale, others to serve as curios in our exhibition rooms.

A Drum from Uganda, Africa.

Crêpe shawl, bed-spread (linen), scarf, drawn-work, shirt-waist patterns, from Ning-po, China.

Six Curios from India.

Scented fans from India.

Chinese compass from Ning-po, China.

SINCE our last issue bequests have been received from the estates of James F. Walsh and Mary Fitzgerald.

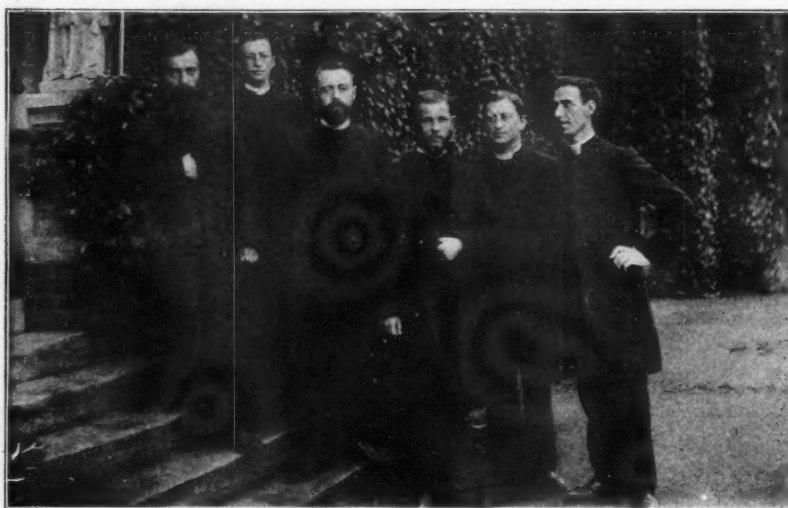
These bequests were one hundred dollars each and were welcome indeed. They are evidence of a growing thoughtfulness towards work for missions and will be a stimulus to others.

The prayers of many missionaries and of their faithful flocks will certainly be offered for such benefactors.

Deceased persons may be enrolled as ordinary, special, or perpetual members of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

They will share in the prayers and merits of more than 65,000 priests, brothers and nuns, who, helped by the society, are working for the spreading of our holy faith.

Over 10,000 masses are offered every year by missionary priests for the living and dead associates.



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MILL HILL'S LATEST CONTRIBUTION TO OUR POSSESSIONS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

THE LATEST GROUP.

IT will naturally impress many people as strange that we Catholics of the United States, should have to depend upon other countries, even upon England and Holland to supply our possessions with priests.

We are glad to record here that through the patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop of Boston, we have been instrumental in defraying a large portion of the travel expenses for the latest group of missionaries from Mill Hill to the Philippine Islands.

These young priests have reached their destination, the diocese of Jaro, P. I., where they will work under Bishop Dougherty.

Wear our S. P. F. pin. It is dainty, in blue, gold, and white, and costs only twenty cents. A Pretty Holiday Gift.

A missionary's gratitude will mean a missionary's earnest prayer.

Legacies should be made out to the Boston Diocesan Director for the Propagation of the Faith. Headquarters: Cathedral Residence, Boston, Mass.

We call the attention of our Reverend Directors to the special rates allowed for several subscriptions to THE FIELD AFAR, see p. 4.

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As announced elsewhere several copies of "The Field Afar" will be sent to any one address at especially low rates. In this way the message from the missions, laden with instruction and edification, can be brought to schools and Sunday schools.

To spread among our own Catholics the mission idea is in itself a missionary work which must be taken up by many clergy and laity, before it can be widely felt. Help us in this propaganda.

Have you a friend in religion whom you wish to enroll as one of our subscribers? We can assure you, in advance, that your gift will find a welcome in any house devoted to the love of God and souls.

* *

WE note with pleasure in the "Magnificat"—"Reminiscences of Bishop Bacon" by Monsignor O'Callaghan. In the same issue (November) a 'Memoir of Fr. Wm. McDonald' is advertised.

Such writings cannot fail to help extend the missionary spirit and we hope that they will be widely read.

* *

IT is satisfying to remark the eagerness with which invalids and those interested in them have welcomed "The Bible of the Sick," and we ask ourselves frequently why others besides Frederick Ozanam did not think to provide for such a common need.

* *

A VOCABULARY of the native language of Easter Island, Oceania, has been prepared by one of our missionaries, Fr. H. Roussel. It contains 96 pages and has been printed in Lawain. It is published by Chadanal, Paris, quai des Grands Augustins.

* *

Boys find special interest in the story of Fr. Judge's mission in Alaska. Place the book on the shelves of your home or tell your boy to ask for it at the Public Library in your city or town. It ought to be listed under the title "An American Missionary." Rev. William H. Judge, S.J.

Published by the Catholic Foreign Mission Bureau, of Boston, Mass.

* *

AS we go to press we learn that Sands & Co. of London have just published a valuable mission book:—

"The Catholic Church in China, from 1860 to 1907."

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AMONG your Christmas gifts include some book bearing on the Missions.

Here is a list. It ought to be longer but the field of English Catholic missionary literature is yet to be developed.

BOOKS ON FOREIGN MISSIONS. PRICE

Christian Missions, by Marshall, 2 vols., net...	\$3.00
Travels in Tartary and Thibet, China, by Huc, 2 vols., net...	2.00
The Lepers of Molokai, Stoddard.....	postpaid .75
St. Francis Xavier.....	.65
Théophane Vénard (A Modern Martyr) ..	1.00
Just de Bretenières.....	1.00
Thoughts from Modern Martyrs (cloth) ..	.50
" " (leather) ..	.75
'Love Your Enemies' (A Tale of the Maori Insurrection).....	postpaid .50
'Prince Arumugam' (A Tale of India).....	.50
'Maron' (A Youth of Lebanon).....	.50
'The Queen's Nephew' (A Story of Early Japan).....	.50
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Japanese Martyrs (Fr. Broeckhaert, S. J.) net...	.75
Laurentia (A Tale of Japan) net.....	.75
Dominican Missions and Martyrs in Japan, by Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P., net.....	.40
'Three Indian Tales'.....	.50
Pauline Marie Jaricot (A Worker for Missions) ..	1.45

PAMPHLETS ON FOREIGN MISSIONS. PRICE

Foreign Missions, by Fr. Ahaus (A reprint from The Month).....	\$0.10
The Mission Field of the Nineteenth Century, by Card. Moran.....	.05
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Sebastian Ralé (An 18th Century Tragedy in Maine).....	1.10
Pioneer Priests of North America, by Fr. Campbell, S. J.....	1.10
The Story of a Mission Indian.....	.35

There is a great mass of French literature and a growing number of German works on the subject of Foreign Missions. We will gladly supply to inquirers lists of such as are already in our possession. The Bureau keeps constantly on hand only its own French publications, namely,—

Le Bienheureux Théophane Vénard

and

Un Martyr de Futuna (Pierre Chanel.)

Price of each, postpaid - \$1.00

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* *

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THE LION AND THE PORCUPINE.



An old lion, having grown bald, was very happy to meet a porcupine who graciously offered to become his wig.

Moral:—One often needs somebody smaller than himself.—*Almanach des Missions.*

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